

The Holy Cross Magazine



my people, what have I done unto
thee? and wherein have I wearied thee?
testify against me.

Antiphon from the Breviary
Passion Sunday

March, 1950

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West Park, N. Y.

The Holy Cross Magazine

Mar.



1950

"Lord, Hear My Prayer"

BY SHIRLEY CARTER HUGHSON, O.H.C.

The Fourth Week in Lent

THE COLLECT

*Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God,
that we, who for our evil deeds do worthily
deserve to be punished, by the comfort of
thy grace may mercifully be relieved;
through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.
amen.*

HIS collect is fitting for Lent for as the solemn progress of the season advances, the soul, drawing near to Calvary, is overwhelmed with an ever deepening sense of unworthiness. It makes no excuses for itself. The words ascend to God a cry from the depths.

We have in one sentence confessed the evil character of our deeds, with an acknowledgement of the justice of God's judgments. Our realization of this is deep, what must this realization of our sins be who has been dishonoured by them? O that we could see our sins as God sees them!

But though He sees our sins in all the darkness of their true nature, yet so rich is

His mercy that forgetting His own dishonour and considering only our need, He thinks only of how His divine and loving ingenuity can devise means to bring the soul home again. What response am I making to His loving approach?

Our sins not only dishonour Him, but nothing can offset this dishonour except the recovery of our souls from the power of Satan. He saves us "for His Name's sake." To this end He gave the life of His only begotten Son. What am I doing to work for the recovery of my soul and the consequent honour of His Name?

Thus confessing our sins and unworthiness, we ask that *by the comfort of thy grace we may mercifully be relieved*. We must take the word *comfort* not in its popular sense, but in its original meaning to *strengthen*. We must pray for strength and courage to rise up against the adversary, and so to fight that, as our heavenly Father has been dishonoured by our sin, so He may henceforth find His honour in our faithful warfare against every evil.

The true lover of Christ does not ask

merely to be soothed. He longs to have the strength that will enable him to avenge himself upon Satan. He asks not so much the soothing grace as the grace that will nerve him to face the adversary, and by trampling him down, make some reparation to our Lord for the dishonour past defeats caused Him.

By such comfort we pray that we *may mercifully be relieved*, for the true relief is not from the burden of battle, but from the burden of sin. The soldier who in a moment of weakness has dishonoured his flag, is not relieved by being granted a pardon. To a generous heart that would but add to the crushing sense and shame of unworthiness. He demands an opportunity to show his love for his flag by fighting for it again. Let the soldiers of Christ not repine if the goodness of God grants them a like relief.

The Fifth Week in Lent

THE COLLECT

We beseech thee, Almighty God, mercifully to look upon thy people; that by thy great goodness they may be governed and preserved evermore, both in body and soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mercifully look upon thy people. There are no richer promises in Holy Scripture



CRUCIFIXION
By Guido Reni

than those given to faithful souls who by their obedience have become worthy to be called God's people. Their honour He guards as His own. And yet it was to *His own* that *He came, and His own received Him not*. Am I better than they? Am I living worth of the honour of being one of His people?

Look upon thy people. If He but looks that will suffice. When St. Peter denied Him, *the Lord turned and looked on Peter, and he went out and wept bitterly.* What a look of grief that was! O that I could realize the sorrow that fills His Sacred Heart when I sin; then could I too weep bitter tears for my sin!

The Greek word used by the Evangelists implies a powerful, penetrating gaze, one that looked Peter through and through, searching his soul to its depths. Such is the look of the eye of God upon my soul. But it is not a look of anger, nor of rebuke. It is a look of sorrowing love.

O that I might see the loving gaze turned upon me when I sin! The sorrow of His Heart would flood into my heart. Then would my soul be so smitten with grief that I would truly have a broken and contrite heart; then His loving Heart could not be indifferent to my sorrow.

So through the power of a look by His great goodness we are governed and preserved evermore. Not only are we smitten into penitence when we sin, but His look restrains us from evil and preserves us pure and undefiled for His kingdom.

Through the eye and ear and conscience He gives us good guidance. *I will guide thee with mine eye.* The test is whether what we think or do or say would find pleasure in our Lord's Heart. If I follow Him not only will He guide me, but the further promises will be fulfilled, for He says, *and after thou receive thee with glory.*

But there must be a response. He looks upon us, and we are to look to Him—*looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.* The same word is used here as described our Lord looking upon Peter. We are to keep the eye of the mind fixed on Him in a gaze so intent that nothing can distract or divert it. In that look there is life.

Palm Sunday

THE COLLECT

Almighty and everlasting God, who, by thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility; mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The thought of the divine love deepens as we approach the Passion. We remind ourselves that it was His *tender love towards mankind* that wrought the great work of the Incarnation and the Redemption; it was God's love to sinners that caused Him to send His Son to die on the Cross.

So eager was our Lord to apprise men of the motive of His mission that He declared to Nicodemus, *God so loved the world—the world in its wickedness—that He gave His only begotten Son.* Love is never satisfied until it is reciprocated. Am I giving Him back love for love and life for life?

Dwelling upon His tender love and all it has wrought for man, that he might follow the example of His great humility, let us ask ourselves, are we really following Him, and if not, do we realize that we are, so far as we are concerned, making the mighty work of Calvary a vain and futile thing?

Is it nothing to me that I should be recorded in the record of heaven, and—dread and awful thought—in the records of hell, as despising Jesus Christ, His love and His work?

What is the example of His great humility? When he was reviled he reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not. Am I patient as He was patient, with my crosses? How little the burden of my crosses, how great the burden of His! O Lord, teach me to find in my crosses a share in Thy Passion.

In His love He does not ask me to follow the example of His patience only, but He seeks through my cross to make me a partaker of His Resurrection. This is the great end. Am I by patient endurance becoming



DEATH OF ST. JOSEPH
By Domenico Canuti

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)
[March 19]

more worthy to share His Risen Life of glory?

Consider the character of love in the Passion—*Thy tender love towards mankind.* A father may love his children very really and yet there may be no tenderness toward them. Not so with our heavenly Father. Hear His voice, full of all pleading gentleness: *Son, give me thine heart; I have loved thee with an everlasting love;* and of my soul He says: *I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness, and will speak comfortably unto her.*

Monday Before Easter

THE COLLECT

Almighty God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy but first he suffered pain, and entered not into glory before he was crucified; mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

In our Lord's life it was pain before joy, crucifixion before glory, and we must fol-

low Him if we would join Him in His beatitude. Man shrinks from suffering and death, he longs to escape from strife and turmoil; he must understand that if he would have the life that fails not he must accept the way of the Cross which is *none other than the way of life and peace.*

Tuesday Before Easter

THE COLLECT

O Lord God, whose blessed Son, our Saviour, gave his back to the smiters and hid not his face from shame; Grant us grace to take joyfully the sufferings of the present time, in full assurance of the glory that shall be revealed; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For us men and for our salvation our Saviour *gave His back to the smiters and hid not his face from shame*, and this His suffering is the full assurance of the glory that shall be re-created in us. But a condition is laid down, it is provided, *we take joyfully the sufferings of the present time. If we suffer with Him we shall reign with Him.* In human life there is opportunity enough of suffering; the only question is, how we will receive it.

Wednesday Before Easter

THE COLLECT

Assist us mercifully with thy help, O Lord God of our salvation; that we may enter with joy upon the meditation of those mighty acts, whereby thou hast given unto us life and immortality; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We need to ponder the mighty acts of the Passion if we would understand its holy meaning, but only by the help of God can we enter into these profound mysteries, *whereby we are given life and immortality.* Holy Week is the saddest and the most tragic of all the year and yet we are told we must enter with joy upon these meditations. The key to this we find in the address to God

Love not finding us equal, equalizes us, not finding us united, unites us.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

in this collect in which we appeal to Him as the *Lord God of our salvation.* What greater joy for man to know than that in the Passion He is our salvation, our life, our resurrection?

Maundy Thursday

THE COLLECT

Almighty Father, whose dear Son, on this night before he suffered, did institute in the Sacrament of his Body and Blood; Merely grant that we may thankfully receive the same in remembrance of him, who in these holy mysteries giveth us a pledge of life eternal; the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit ever, one God world without end. Amen.

In the midst of the tragedy of Holy Week, in the awful and solemn setting of the Passion there bursts upon us the glory of a great feast, that of the Blessed Sacrament which on this day our Lord instituted to be a memorial of His Passion until He comes again, and in which He gives Himself to the food and strength of His people. Even the receiving of these Holy Mysteries is a ceiving to us of His pledge of eternal life. Thus again and again does His love reassure us. *Truly, thou, O Lord God, art full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, plenteous in goodness and truth.*

Good Friday

THE COLLECTS

Almighty God, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost ever, one God world without end. Amen.

Almighty and everlasting God, by whose Spirit the whole body of the Church is governed and sanctified; Receive our supplications and prayers, which we offer before thee for all estates of men in thy holy Church; that every member of the same, in his vocation and ministry, may truly and godly serve thee.

ee, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

O merciful God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made, nor desirest the death of a sinner, but rather that should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all who know thee not as thou art revealed in the Gospel of thy Son. Take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy fold, that they may be made one flock under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

The Church gives us three collects for Good Friday, representing three aspects of the all-embracing love of Jesus on the Cross. The first repeats the petition of two Sundays previous, that God would look upon His people. But here in the midst of the Passion the depth of the divine tenderness is even more apparent. We no more ask that He look upon His *people*, but upon His *family*; and so great was the divine love for His family that for it the eternal Son was con-

tented to be betrayed and to suffer death upon the Cross. Note the word *contented*. Its meaning is, being *filled full*. Life was never so real and full and rounded out to our Lord as when He was giving up Himself for love of us. Is life fullest and richest to me when I am engaged in some unselfish work, sacrificing my own will for love of God?

In the next collect the divine love is seen to extend still farther out not only for His *family*, those who are close to Him in actual faith and love, but for all estates of men in His Holy Church; for, whether they be faithful or not, all are dear to the Heart of the Crucified. But our Lord died not only for His own family, not only for every member of His Church, faithful and unfaithful, but even for those who neither know Him nor wish to know Him. So with somewhat of His own love, we pray for *mercy upon all who know thee not*. To fetch is not to call or send for, but it is personally to go after and bring back. Thus do we pray our Lord to go after those who know him not, and like the Good Shepherd to fetch them home to His Father's house.



DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

By Roger van der Weyden

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

Bolahun Biology

BY BROTHER SYDNEY, O.H.C.

AMPHIBIA

THREE is a great variety of frogs and toads: small and large; plain and fancy, etc. One big old toad (*Bufo regularis*) likes to take up his stand on the verandah between my cell and the chapel and help us sing Compline. Unfortunately his squawky bass does not exactly fit in with the Gregorian chant!

I am most anxious to see the "rainbow frog" about which I have heard a great deal. (I think it must be either *Leptopelis brevirostris* or *Rana albolarvata*). According to the local legends it breathes out a vapour which causes the rainbow. It so happened that we had a great argument about this in science class one day and one boy claimed he had seen this happen. Shortly after that a friend sent me a prism; so I triumphantly produced a rainbow right in class—but I am not sure they are convinced yet!

ARACHNIDA

Two examples of this class will be of interest: the large hairy spider (*Scodra brachypoda*) and the Giant African Scorpion (*Pandinus imperator*).

This hairy spider is quite common and very ugly looking. As a matter of fact it is poisonous and can give a nasty bite. However, this will not happen to you as it gen-

The true wisdom of man is piety.

—St. Augustine.

erally runs away when you approach. Also it is helpful in that it destroys cockroaches and other domestic pests. One night I found a huge specimen on the wall of my cell with a big cluster of eggs attached to its underside. Gleefully I grabbed the D.D.T. sprayer, thinking this is one spider that is not going to bite yours truly tonight. Sure enough, in the morning, I found the corpse of her ladyship on the floor below where I hang my shoes. But imagine my horror when I shoved my bare feet into my slippers and I felt an occupant in one of them

before me! I tipped up the slipper and they fell out the cluster of eggs. Evidently Mrs. Spider exercised a kind of mother love and sought to lay her offspring in some safe place before her demise.

One day we were remarking that we were fortunate here since we were not bothered by scorpions and that very afternoon one came up on our back porch. It was very active; so we had quite a job of it to pick it up with two sticks and get it into a jar. There it scuttled about a great deal, hissing loud threats to anyone who came near. Needless to say, we held it in great respect. As it was hardly a desirable pet to have around, I finally dumped it into a bottle of formaldehyde. Later, when it was no longer a menace (although I was careful to keep my fingers away from the sting at the end of its tail), I measured it and found it was fully six inches long. No wonder this species is called "imperator."

INSECTA

As I said at the beginning, this is an entomologist's paradise. It is impossible to gain an adequate idea of the multitudes of kinds of insects that thrive here. Some of them are very pretty. For instance, as you walk along a trail and go down by a stream where it is damp, you will see clouds of butterflies of all colours and sizes. Not pleasant are the household pests, such as ants and cockroaches.

There are several kinds of Praying Mantises (*Sphodromantis lineola*, *Mantis saussurei*, *Miomantis pellucida*). One is all green, another is striped, and another has a drab colour and curious crinklets that make it look like a dried leaf. They are great helpers to man as they devour all kinds of noxious insects, but they can also inflict an uncomfortable jab by the spines on the enormous front legs—even though they may appear to be lifted "in prayer."

Termites are one of the biggest pests of Africa. There are two kinds: the ground termites and the wood termites. Needless to



BOYS' COMPOUND FROM THE MONASTERY

it is the latter which causes all the "bug" in our houses, bridges and other wooden constructions. Wood must never be allowed to touch the ground. If you do use wood for supports it ought to be sunk in cement blocks. But it is better still to use cement and dried mud blocks for walls and floors. The great inspiration which the builders of our church had—using iron pipes for ears—has proved most satisfactory, although you have to be on the continual lookout for termites coming through cracks in the masonry. Even roof timbers ought to be treated with solignum or creosote. Since termites hate light, they do most of their ravaging inside a beam and therefore it is quite possible that the consequent weakness will not show until a wall or roof begins to crumble down. If they do appear on or near the surface of the wood, the termites always set a tunnel over themselves made of regurgitated wood mixed with saliva.

The ground termites are divided into groups (*Termes bellicosus* and *T. mordax*). The first lives in rather open places where they build tall, castle-like homes of own earth. The building material, in this case, is red mud mixed with saliva. A similar method of construction is employed by *mordax* too, but they build in the bush

and use a kind of bluish clay. Their houses are quite arresting in appearance both as to shape and colour. As I said, they use a bluish (or gray) coloured clay and, when you add to this a layer of parasitical green or yellow fungi, you have nice exterior mural decorations. The shape is that of a mushroom, but, when the colony gets too large for its quarters, they often add another story, i.e., another "mushroom head," so that it begins to look like a pagoda.

Termites are often called "white ants," although they are not ants at all. However, they do have the wonderful social and caste systems of ants. Termites have, for instance, what has been termed "the ants' social stomach," but with added complications. When they devour their cellulose or woody food, they themselves do not do their own digesting. This is done for them by an obliging species of one-celled organisms which live in their stomachs. But it is only the workers who have this quaint arrangement; therefore, they have to swallow, have digested

Jesus Christ would not be slain without the form of justice, for it is much more ignominious to die by justice than by some unjust sedition.

—Pascal.

and regurgitate food for the queen, soldiers, babies, etc. Incidentally, they have their own "gardens" inside their colonial castles, in which they raise crops of fungi and molds. They even provide special air ventilating systems so that the proper temperatures are maintained in their "hot houses."

Around November or December the reproductive caste, both males and females, develop long diaphanous wings. At this time they are looked upon as a delicacy by birds, lizards, and even men. During this season, when I go out to nearby towns for "God-palaver," I am always intrigued by the little boys who squat on the ground, evidently listening to the instruction with wrapt attention. Then the light of the lantern attracts some of these flying termites and there is a wild scramble of little boys grabbing for these aerial tid-bits. They pull off the wings and munch contentedly as the teaching goes on. Adults often send their children out to collect these winged creatures, remove the wings and then cook the remaining torsos. Actually the removal of the wings is not so bad for the termite as, after a few hours of flight, that is what he tries to do himself. A male and female who have accomplished a successful flight and shed their wings, are ready to settle down to housekeeping and become the king and

queen of the new colony. I remember last year how our two big pressure lamps in the open study hall attracted hundreds of the flying termites and the next morning there were two high heaps of discarded wings below where the lamps had hung.

As Sir Harry Johnson says, "The lion of the Liberian forests is not the mighty elephant nor the cruel leopard, but the driver—of the genus *Anomma* or *Dorylus*. Nothing escapes these voracious creatures. It is true that, after a hoard of drivers has gone by, you are freed of a lot of pestilential nuisances (with apologies to The Mikado), but the trouble is they also do away with your live stock. Penned up animals and cooped chickens ought to be freed as soon as the menace is known. Unfortunately this often occurs at night. During the rainy season you will quite often have to step carefully over a column of drivers. This column is about an inch wide, running in a sort of sandy trough. On the edge of the trough, facing outwards, are the soldiers with their fierce mandibles ready to catch an unwary foe, while down the center of the channel hurry the workers. However, this formation is comparatively innocuous. It is when the drivers spread out, as they can for many yards, that they offer a real obstacle to man and woman. Now it is impossible to stamp over them. The only thing to do is run fast as possible, stamping your feet to knock off any adherents. The wearing of shoes in this case has its disadvantages; for, if any of the ants get inside them, they can do a lot of nipping before you can pull off the foot-wear. Of course, one seldom lets drivers get beyond the nipping stage. However, when they do catch a victim, they swarm around it and eat off all the soft parts. I once got myself a very fine snake skeleton simply for placing the snake amongst drivers. In spite of the thrashings about worms or snakes, they do not succeed in getting away from the persistent drivers.

It may seem strange to mention worms and snakes together like that, but some of the worms do resemble small snakes. I have seen quite a number of them over a foot long, red in colour and with fairly thick bodies. There are at least three species



SISTER SUSANNAH AND MICHAEL KARMO

genus *Acanthodrilus*. When you go to one up, it squirts out a disgusting milky fluid. Evidently this repels ants and insects, except the driver ants. I have seen such worms thrashing about in midst of a swarm of drivers and squirt their protective fluid several feet—all to avail. These worms make fine specimens for dissections as all the organs are plain to be seen. Last year when the Biology class killed a worm in formaldehyde, it shot out milk to such an extent that the solution became opaque. The natives will not touch these worms and think that this milk will give leprosy . . . something that the scientific world has been trying to learn for !

MAMMALS

Mongst our weird looking animals are the kinds of Scaly Ant Eaters or Pangolins and the Aardvark. The latter is known locally as the Ant Bear. There is a Giant Ground Pangolin which is astounding to see (*Manis Smutsia gigantea*) as it walks on its wrists with its claws doubled back underneath (to keep them from getting cut?). Driver ants have been found in its stomach, but how it can lick up drivers without being murdered itself is a mystery; while it is protected by its scales for the most part, its underside is soft and fleshy.

A man brought me a Three-cusped Tree Pangolin (*Manis Phantaginis tricuspidis*) which gets its name from the fact that its cusps are three cornered. It was an affectionate little creature but unfortunately it was very young and died. Even so, I thought it would make a good pickled specimen for the class, but I forgot the rule that animals which are larger than insects have to be open so that the preserving formaldehyde can get to the interior. So my one and only ant eater swelled up and exploded due to the action of internal gases!

I also had a small type of antelope called the Sitatunga (*Guevei maxwelli*) which had a beautiful brown coat and large doleful eyes. They can travel very fast, but my little fellow, with his dainty hoofs, had a hard time maintaining his equilibrium on our cement floor. Two of the larger mammals



MARKET SCENE

that I hope to see some time are the elephant and the hippopotamus. There is a pygmy hippo (*Hippopotamus liberiensis*) which is found, as far as is now known, only in Liberia and a small part of southern Nigeria.

A very fine pet is the two-spotted Paradoxure or Palm Civet (*Nandinia binotata*). It looks something like a cross between a mongoose and a ferret and has two characteristic white spots on its shoulders. I had three of them for some time and they kept things going lively. They were the most inquisitive creatures and got into everything. There was a lady doctor here once who had a Palm Civet as a pet and it took all the stoppers out of her bottles! But they do make delightful and affectionate pets, providing you put everything breakable out of harm's way. These cats are really nocturnal, but they will move about in the daytime when they are domesticated. In the wild state they often can be heard at night crying like a baby from the top of a palm tree. For this reason they are sometimes confused with the real Bush Baby (*Galago senegalensis*) which is a Primate related to the lemurs. Another strange mix-up is that the Liberians often call the Paradoxure a "tree 'coon." Of course, this is again a misapplication of an American term.

I mentioned the lemurs, but, as is to be expected, by far the most outstanding amongst the Primates are the various types of monkeys. You need walk only a short distance in the bush to see several different

kinds. As far as I can learn, there are no baboons in Liberia, as they prefer the savannah grass country, but it is the common English name given by all Liberians to chimpanzees. Chimps (*Anthropopithecus troglodytes verus*) are quite common and natives bring them around to sell from time to time. They have faces curiously like a human baby's, with long black hair around.

Another monkey (and it is a true monkey) which is very striking in appearance is the White-thighed Colobus (*Colobus polykomos vellerosus*). Not only are the thighs white, but it also has a white fringe around its face, giving it the appearance of an old man, and the long tail is all white too, with a little tuft on the end.

Our head carpenter shot a leopard (*Panthera pardus leopardus*) one night and brought it to the town next morning. Although it was a young one, its body alone was about three feet in length. The thing that struck me most forcibly about it was how hard and compact its muscles were; not at all like the ones we see in zoos. It could do plenty of damage with goats, cattle, etc., but fortunately they do not attack human beings. There is some strange superstition here about women seeing a leopard's mouth. When St. Agnes' School came up to see the leopard, one of the Sisters reached down and pulled off the covering that had been put over the creature's mouth, and all the little girls ran away! The leopard's teeth are looked upon as a prize and they used to be used (and may still be) in making strong country medicine, i.e., magic and spells.

BOLUMA BIOLOGY

So far I have been giving you examples of the kind of life we see in and around Boluma. Now, to finish with, I would like to give an example of an entirely different kind of beast and I am calling this "Boluma biology" because that is the town to which I had to go to see it. But it could very well have been any other native town in the Hinterland.

During Holy Week one of the dressers at the hospital told me that a wonderful animal had been caught in the town from which he had originally come. As time went on, we

heard stranger and stranger tales about but there was no time then to do anything about it. According to the story, two men had been fishing when one of them caught the thing in her net. She was afraid of it and threw it back into the river. But again it got into her net and her companion advised her to take it to the town, Boluma, and show it to the chief and elders. They did so and everybody said it was an animal the like of which they had never seen before. By this time it had grown bigger and people were afraid to go near it; so they built a fence of sticks around it. Finally I decided I just must go and see this weird beast.

On Easter Day, right after the High Mass, one of the school boys and I set off for Boluma. The town is some seven hours' walk from here and we took very little with us so that we could travel lightly. I expected to be back the next day; so did not take extra clothing, shaving tackle, or anything like that. As we passed along from town to town, the stories about the Boluma animal got bigger and bigger. At one town the people gave us good advice. They said the people who had the animal were very much afraid of it and, if they heard that I had come especially to see it, they would carry it outside the town. There is often this fear of having a stranger see something which has a strong personal connection. Fortunately, one school boy, Sele, comes from that town and he had already gone there for his Easter vacation; so I could say that I was going to visit him and his people. Also, it so happened that Father Milligan had stayed there over night last year (incidentally, the first white man to do so) and he had praised Boluma highly; so I could say that I had come to see their fine town for myself. When we reached Boluma, these were to be the two sons we gave for our advent.

However, late in the evening, after rice chop, I went to see the chief and made known the real objective of my trip. I told him that wise men all over the world were always interested in new kinds of animals so maybe this strange one would bring fame to his town. He was a very fine, elderly man and did not object to the idea at all. But he explained that he would have to

the permission of the owners for me to view
and thought there might be some trouble
getting it.

I got up bright and early Easter Monday
morning expecting to look upon some freak
of nature, dicker with the people to get pos-
session of it, and then be on my way. Such
was not to be the case. I waited and waited
and then sent to the chief to see if he had
forgotten my request. No, he had not for-
gotten, but was busy trying to persuade the
people to let me see it. And so the WHOLE
day passed. Toward evening, when the day
was far spent, the chief came and said he had
arranged it, but I would have to promise
not to touch it or take it away. I assured
him that I would not think of taking it
until I saw it, I did not know if I wanted
it and even offered to have my hands tied
behind me when I looked at it. He laughed
and said that would not be necessary, but I
wanted to impress upon him that my motives
were the best. It turned out that the wo-
man who had caught the animal thought that
it was behind her," meaning it was a kind of
spiritual or extraordinary support, and that
she would die if it left her.

By this time it had been rumoured around
the town what I was going to do; so we
had a big crowd around us as the chief, the
assistant chief, Sele and myself went to the
woman's house. She met us outside and was
quite demure. I recognized her as one who
had been around the house where I was stay-
ing a good deal and I found out later that
she had been asking the school boys many
questions about me. She led us around to
the back door of the house. Just as we were
entering I asked if they had been feeding it
and she said no. "My goodness," thought I
to myself, "if this animal is so fierce and
they have not been feeding it, it must be
ferocious by now." So I entered the house
on the alert, ready to jump if necessary.

We were in a rather small, dark room and
I was given a chair to sit on. Through the
partly open door leading to the main room, I
saw the woman pull a black wooden box
from under her bed. It was about two feet
long, one foot wide and maybe a foot deep.
She brought it in and laid it on the floor at
our feet. There was just the five of us, as

all the townspeople had been kept out. I
turned on my flashlight so as to see better.
She lifted the lid and the thought flashed
through my mind that she did not seem to
mind putting her hand within striking dis-
tance of the animal. I looked, but there was
a piece of country cloth covering the contents.
Again she put forward her hand and lifted
the cloth, as I got ready to jump. Again
we leaned forward to see, and saw—A
ROCK! Yes, just a plain ordinary stone
from the river not more than a foot long
and half as wide. There was a little rice
flour on it and a couple of marine animals
had fastened their shells to it. At first I
wondered if I were seeing aright when
I heard Sele breathe behind me, "Why,
it's only a stone." I did not know whether
to feel exasperated at the hoax or sorry for
the woman who feared such a thing; I guess
I felt both ways at once.

Well, it was too late to leave Boluma
then; so we had to say another night. I
learned then that few of the people, if any,
had actually seen it; because I asked why so
many came to ask for a description of it. And
yet this was the center of all the wild
rumours and accounts that we had heard
throughout the Hinterland. Our journey
back to Bolahun on Tuesday was a sort of
Progress. Every town we came to, we would
take our stand in the palaver-house, all the
people would gather around to hear what
we had seen, and Folunga, my school-boy
companion, would hold forth in proper ora-
torical style about the "wonderful animal."
Well, whether it be natural or supernatural
biology, you have to admit that, in Africa,
it is wonderful.

Associates

The annual day of retreat for the two
confraternities of the Love of God and
the Christian Life, will be held this year
at St. Martin's Church, 50 Orchard
Avenue, Providence, R. I., on Satur-
day, May 20th. Full details may be
obtained from the Director C.C.L., at
Holy Cross Monastery, West Park,
N. Y. Anyone is welcome.

A Way of Approach

Introduction to the knowledge and love of God

BY LOUISA B. GILE

REALIZE that God is, and the fact that you want to know Him means that He is in you, seeking you, and you are responding to the free gift of His love for you. You might say slowly: "We love Him because He first loved us;" or some such words of your own.

Since He has led you to ask, you may be confident that you will receive. Little by little He will make plain to you His deeper truths and His will for you. So now you may sit quietly down, relax and be still—silent—for a few moments. Your mind may be restless at first; if so, just draw it gently back to the thought of God's Presence. It usually helps to look at some picture or object to help you concentrate, such as Christ on the cross or praying, or a beautiful flower or painting, or you may prefer to close your eyes. The main thing is to be as still as you can in mind and body, and alone in a quiet place if possible.

Now, silently or out loud, ask God to guide you—to "take over." You do not yet know how He is going to lead you. Start where you are—as you are. Do not be troubled by lack of belief. You know you love Him a little; you believe, perhaps vaguely, some aspect of Christianity. Begin there without strain. Perhaps you can say: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Think about the Truth that you do believe. (Leave the rest alone for the present.) You may have a book that some Christian has lent; better still, you may be able to turn at once to one of the Gospels or a page of the Prayer Book. Read a sentence or two, slowly and thoughtfully. Perhaps you will read in St. John's Gospel: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. . . ." Ask Him to show you a little more of what that means. When you have thought about it a little, read on—or, if that seems enough, try to fix those words or

some thought that has come to you about them in your mind, so that you can more easily recall them from time to time. Pause here—holding mind and body absolutely still, and wait to see if God has anything more to say to you.

Remember that it is your will to know and love God, not emotions, that matters. (Emotions may come and go, are all affected by various conditions, and vary with different temperaments.) Only be thankful when and if you do feel peace, sweetness or any like stirrings of loving response. Leave all the rest to His most loving care. He knows your desire.

The Saints are led along the path of sanctity that they may be more effective soldiers not that they may by such progress escape from the presence of the foe, and find pusillanimous peace in this life, while the powers of evil are storming the gates of the Kingdom, and making captives of the King's children.

—*Father Hughson, O.H.*

So now, having been consciously in God's Presence for a little while, (do not watch the clock—it may be five minutes or ten or twenty, not much more at first, as this is new to you and an effort of will), thank Him for these moments spent consciously in God's Presence, and ask Him to continue them by giving you more faith and perseverance, understanding and love. These, too, He has promised to give, so just know that He is giving all you need and can bear. Then, this is important, make, as much as you can, complete honesty, what is sometimes called an "act" of will, this time of dedication. That is: since you are now about to go back into your regular life, dedicate that life to Him. He intends, now that you have honestly turned to Him, to show you His purpose for you and He will be guiding you.

rious means, as you are watching for them. It is rather like starting off on a strange highway and looking for signposts as you go along, to direct you aright.) You may recognize these signposts in the people you meet, what you read or see, because the whole world is His and He can use everyone and everyone in it, and show you Himself, His will, in all that happens to you, once you let Him. You will want, as you go along with this intention, to learn more and in greater detail, about Him in His Church; and so as you would go to a doctor, a specialist, about the care of your body, you will be led to go to a minister, priest, of the Church who is a specialist in the care of souls. He can tell you more about the things of God and help you realize you are not alone, but one of a great number of people who for centuries have sought and found God, through His Church and Sacraments, and he will help you in any special needs. These people, sometimes called saints, care about you and pray for you as a member of a great family. You will want to study as well as pray—all will be made clearer as you go along.

Realize that there is something that you and you alone can do. Your creative share in God's work, is in first responding—then receiving, then giving yourself back to Him and later through Him to others in such service as you are specially fitted for. Realize that this is a great adventure—a venture of faith—the most important and wonderful in the world; which will gradually mold your life into something wonderful and creative too, as you persevere in it. All this will not be easy. It will contain disciplines and difficulties which may be painful. This need not disturb you if you realize that it is a re-creation; that the extension of the divine light in you will be shining into obscure corners of your soul, revealing hidden weaknesses and sins that you will see more and more clearly. Our Lord has ways of helping you through this part, too, mostly through the Sacraments and worship of the Church, as you will discover as you go along. The main thing now is that you have taken the first step and have only to keep on in the way you are facing, one



ANNUNCIATION

By Roger van der Weyden

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

step at a time. Do not be surprised if seeming miracles occur but do not expect them. Study to be quiet, peaceful, gentle and receptive (underneath surface changes and reactions), patient, especially with yourself, because it is not your weakness but God's strength on which you are to rely. When or if you fail or forget, turn gently back to Him, and go on, without fuss, from there.

Set aside a daily time for this exercise in God's Presence. This is the beginning of a rule of life which will give you increasing steadiness and depth. Try to make this time definite and regular; choose one when you will be alone and the surroundings as quiet as possible, and try to let nothing but the most urgent affairs interfere or interrupt. Usually early in the morning, before others are stirring is best (even if you have to wake up a few minutes earlier)—only persevere! Be sure this is the most important date you can have.

You are a child of God, at home in His Kingdom here and now. You may often recal-

the words of Christ: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And as you go on in this way of life which is eternal, you will realize a joy and freedom and significance in living you never knew before.

Suggested acts :

"My Lord and my God. I believe in You. I love you."

"We love Him because He first loved us."

"O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee."

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth and let them lead me."

"God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."

Suggested reading :

The Bible, especially the Gospels and the Psalms. *The Book of Common Prayer*; Peel, *An Explanation of the Prayer Book*

(Morehouse-Gorham); Brother Lawrence, *The Practice of the Presence of God*; Thomas a Kempis, *Imitation of Christ*; R. Hunt, *Household of Faith* (Morehouse-Gorham).

Suggested prayer :

Father all-wise and all-loving, the Spirit of calm and the central peace of the universe grant to us, thy children, such a consciousness of Thy indwelling Presence that we may be still and know Thee increasing, and may permit Thee to give us Thy healing light and strength and peace and a right judgment through the mind of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord. Amen.

A blessing :

May God bless us with a loving sense of His Presence in mind, heart and body.

[To be concluded]

Vestments

BY EVELYN UNDERHILL

In Lent the church puts on her royal dress
Of violet,
As if she would confess
How fragrant is humility, how great
The power of that imperial estate
Of penitence.
In this her abject hour is on her set
The purple of her Lord's magnificence.

But when the sudden drama of her joy
She plays,
The kingly robe she needs not to employ:
Since he is at her side,
And she—Child, Sister, Bride!—
White-frocked may run
All merry to his praise
And sing her Gaudeamus in the sun.

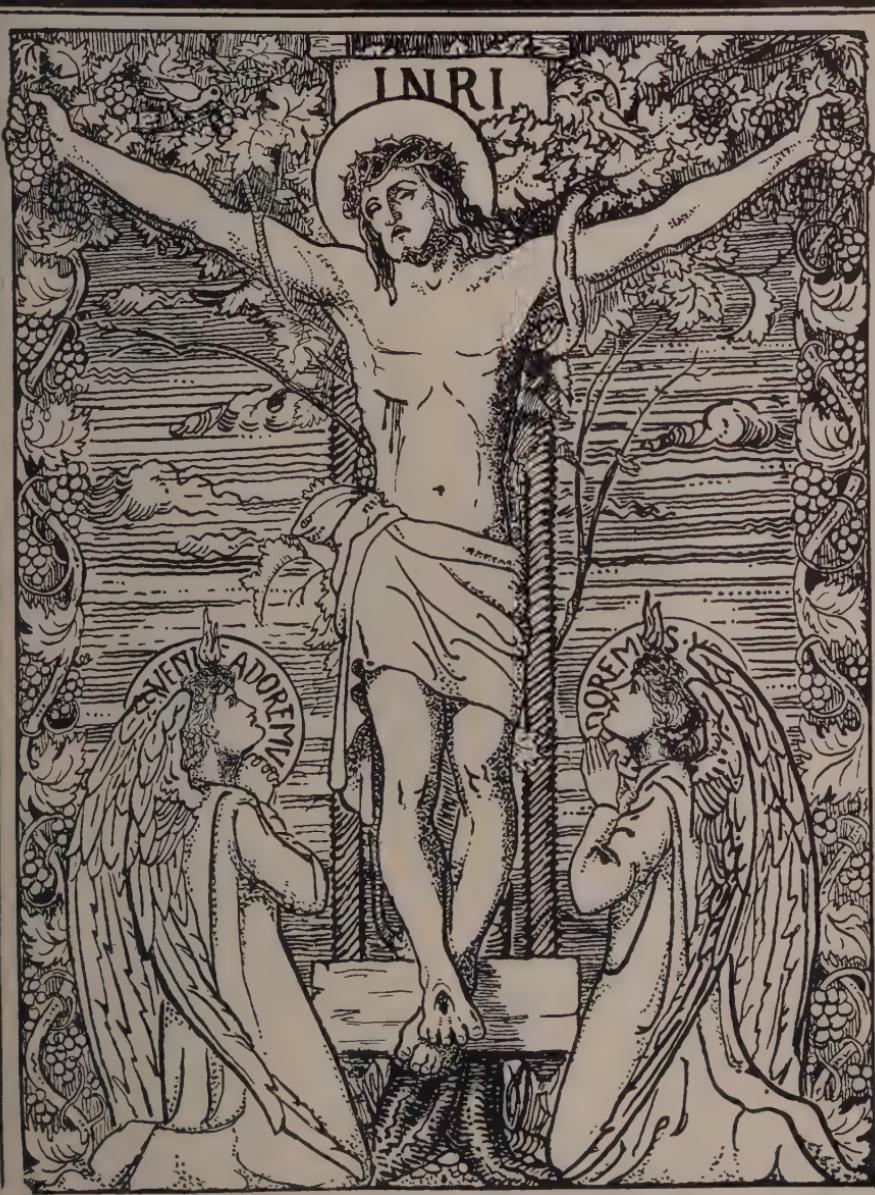
At Tomb and Manger well may she rejoice
Because new life she hath:
Yet there's a voice
That cries "The heavenly seed
Upon whose mystic fruit the soul shall feed
In blood is planted, and with blood embued.

Red as a wound the piercing Spirit's path
By death is life renewed."

Because the Life of God
Hath fed the Tree,
Behold! the running sap in Jesse's rod;
And every quickened branch and twig
receives
The garlanded delight of budding leaves.
All verdant now her dress until he come
Until she see
His advent and her home.

Fourfold within her heart the living Flame
Fourfold about her flows
The mighty river that from Eden came.
Safe in her shade the timid wheat
springs,
Green on her bough the helpless tend
clings:
But purple is the fruit upon her vine,
White shines the Bread of Angels, as a rose,
Red is her wine.

(Evelyn Underhill, *Immanence*, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. With permission of the publisher.)



I Am The True Vine

New Testament Eschatology and Modern Preaching

BY HEWITT B. VINNEDGE

Chapter VIII

Our Lord's Key to the Mystery

WE cannot say, of course, that St. John and St. Paul went so far as modern students in their re-reading of apocalyptic, but we have seen that they reflected an eschatological maturity, which doubtless must have been shared by much of the Church. If this be true, then how are we to account for the book of Revelation coming toward the end of the first Christian century? I think we have in this book possibly the best illustration of the prophetic instinct for poetry and security. This book came at a time when God's new Israel, the Church of Christ, was going through an ordeal by fire. The author saw how great a revolution would be necessary if Christians were to continue their witness in the world—if indeed the Church were to survive. He dramatically set forth the world-shattering changes that were indicated. He must do so by drama rather than by exposition, or he and all his fellow Christians would at once become involved in fatal peril. He could not come out and say literally that the Roman Empire was doomed and that the persecuted Church would finally overcome and capture that empire. Instead, he used the prophetic idiom, the social revolutionary idiom of his time. The very fact that the book of Revelation had a difficult time in making the sacred canon would seem to indicate that by the time of its issuance the Church as a whole had got beyond any literal notion of eschatology. It is well known, of course, that the Epistle of Jude met with great reluctance, in so far as canonical approval was concerned, precisely because it seemed to endorse certain apocalyptic suppositions. Any one who has casually read the history of the

New Testament canon knows how late in Christian history it was before these books were considered worthy of inclusion.

That such works were ultimately admitted may have been due to the fact that the Church had found the key to eschatological interpretation which our Lord Himself had bequeathed. This key has been found and lost many times in the long life of Christianity. It is always possessed by some and ignored by others, so that it seems that the Church has halted between its use and its abandonment. And it is a strange thing that any generation or any group of Christians that loses the key seems to think that it has made a great and startling discovery that will unlock the understanding of God's plans for the future. The pre-millenarians of the past one hundred years are a case in point.

The key is to be derived from three separate events and sayings in the life of Christ: (1) We read in the eleventh chapter of Matthew a discourse concerning John the Baptist in which Jesus says: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. For all the prophets and the law prophesied until John. And if any will receive it, this is Elias, which was to come."¹ (2) In the tenth chapter of Luke we read of the joyful return of the disciples from a preaching and healing mission: "And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning from heaven."² (3) We have in the tenth chapter of St. Mark the story of a presumptuous request on the part of two of the apostles: "And James and John, the sons

¹ Matthew 11:13-15

² Luke 10:17-18

ede, came unto him, saying, Master, we hold that thou shouldest do for us whatever we shall desire. And he said unto them, What would ye that I should do for you? They said unto him, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory. But Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask: can ye drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? And they said unto him, We can. And Jesus said unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized: but to him on my right hand and on my left hand is mine to give; but it shall be given to him for whom it is prepared."³

Adam received the sentence, *cursed is ground in thy labours; thorns and this-shall it bring forth to thee.* For this cause Jesus assumes the thorns, that He may cancel the sentence; for this cause also was buried in the earth, that the earth which had been cursed might receive the blessing instead of a curse. In Paradise was the Fall, and in a Garden was our Salvation. From the garden we came sin, and until the Tree sin lasted. *In the evening, when the Lord walked in the garden, they hid themselves,* and in the evening the robber is brought by the Lord to Paradise.

—St. Cyril of Jerusalem.

No one in his right mind would think that our Lord in the first instance was teaching the doctrine of reincarnation, He was showing that the popular idiom of prophecy and apocalyptic might be legitimately used in the description and the evaluation of events. In this case He was harking back to a well known prophetic word: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful judgment of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."⁴ In the second instance He was not setting Himself up as one who had divine hallucinations.

He was using apocalyptic idiom to describe what He clearly foresaw: the ultimate destruction of evil in the face of the steady continuing preaching and acceptance of His Gospel. In the third instance He was telling the apostles that they must not take His proclamation of a coming kingdom as if it were a prediction of some political event. On the contrary they must understand that He was referring to quite another sort of kingdom than that which was pictured by a literal view of eschatological imagery.

And here is the key to the interpretation of apocalyptic and eschatological language. It is to be understood as *idiom* which may be used for the setting forth of spiritual truth and ethical teaching. But it is *idiom* and not historical description, of either the hindsight or the foresight variety. It was the current idiom of our Lord's day and He used it as He did the Aramaic language; but to insist that truth can be expressed only in eschatological terms (i.e., to try to make a literal time table) would be as inaccurate as to say that the truth of the Gospel could be expressed only in Aramaic. Neither Aramaic nor Latin is the language of the angels. Neither apocalyptic nor exposition is the sole means to convey the eternal truths of the faith.

To the Readers of the Holy Cross Magazine:—

With the approval of the Father Superior, a group of us who have been close to Father Hughson for many years is planning to publish a volume of his letters of spiritual guidance. Just as the letters of St. Francis de Sales to individuals have helped souls for centuries, so we believe will Father Hughson's.

If you have any such letters, will you not lend them to me? They will be promptly copied and returned to you and of course the names of those to whom they were written will not be used.

THE REV'D FRANK DAMROSCH, JR.,
St. Paul's Rectory,
Doylestown, Pennsylvania.

Thus we see that Christ did not stultify Himself in using the popular idiom. He was a man of His age and place, as well as the Divine Logos of eternity, when He became incarnate and employed human speech. When He spoke, in the accepted eschatological way, of judgment and of a kingdom to come, He was using language which His listeners could understand and to which there would be a warm reception. But if He spoke in less violent terms than His contemporaries about the ushering in of this kingdom, He did so in order to place emphasis on the greater themes of love, joy, peace, long suffering, forgiveness, faithfulness. His use of the idiom of the kingdom was the best possible way in which He could convey certain basic elements in His teaching. Among these elements the following are of supreme importance:

- (1) Despite all the forces of evil, God is still sovereign;
- (2) Despite all the world's disorder and discontent, blessedness is still attainable through the power of God and through obedience to Him;
- (3) Despite varieties of obedience and disobedience among human individuals, God's plan still moves toward a divinely ruled society.

There can be no kingdom of one; the word itself involves a social concept. So, while Christ must reign supreme in one's own heart, yet the purpose of God cannot be fulfilled until His rule is over a community, a fellowship, a society. In this very idea of kingdom there is implied a social solidarity; and to play around with the notion of individual goodness as an end in itself is to come short of the glory of God's purpose.

I suppose this is another way of expressing St. John's interpretation of eschatology: the bringing of eternal things into daily living in this world; that is to say interpreting eschatological language in the light of the doctrine of the Incarnation. Even the seer in the book of Revelation hinted at this when he declared that there shall be a new

Without the idea of the Mediator as exhibited in Christianity, the idea of God is crushing.

—*Father Benson, S.S.J.E.*

earth as well as a new heaven, even a new city: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, the Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."⁵ Now a city is a peculiar human society; but this new city in the day of the new heaven and the new earth, coming down from God and a divine voice is proclaiming: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God."⁶

God, in becoming incarnate, stooped low to redeem immortal spirits to be sure; but that is not all: "The Word was made flesh." This material universe in which we live, this mundane and earth-bound society of this whole disordered world must feel the power of incarnate Deity. The Church, His continuing Body, must go on with the redemptive work of its Head. The divine community must grow and increase until the whole social order is under God's order, and we have His divine society, His kingdom.

In view of all this, the contemporary preacher may take the drama of apocalyptic, the poetry of eschatology, and use them not to scare men out of hell, nor to scare hell into men. We can use these forms of expression to say: "This is the kind of world that God wants. This is what we must strive for, even if it does seem that violent shock may be necessary now and then. This is what must come to pass, at whatever cost to forces and interests that now seem powerful and entrenched. If those forces must fall like lightning from heaven, or if those interests must crumble after the manner of two planets colliding, if they must 'be consumed with fervent heat,' so be it. For God claims our world as His kingdom to cause the eternal Father made it, because His Son is its Redeemer and Goal, because His Holy Spirit dwells in it to sanctify and to lead into all truth."

⁵ Revelation 21:1-2

⁶ Revelation 21:3

Father Allen

BY THE RIGHT REV. WALTER H. OVERS, S.T.D.

Reprint from HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE,
y, 1929).

HE West African climate is not one to be played with. Its enveloping hot, steaming, wet-blanket atmosphere, its gorous sun and poisonous miasma and others require the greatest care and protection. True, the advance of modern medicine has enabled the white man to combat it more effectively than was possible forty or fifty years ago; but there has been

great a sacrifice of precious lives to warrant anything but a policy of strictest caution in the selection of missionaries for that part of the world. The Christian Church has consistently chosen only the young and strong to face the rigors of that climate.

When Father Sturges Allen, seventy years of age, appealed to me to open the way for him to go to Liberia, assuring me in most earnest tones that he was called by God to that work, I naturally, without moment's hesitation, turned him down. Experience in that country seemed to teach me that God could not possibly call a man seventy years old to go to Liberia. How little we know of God's plans! Efforts were then being made to secure workers who would go into the interior to evangelize the tribal people. The response to this appeal was wonderful. The native clergy, without exception, pledged their willingness to make any sacrifice to help their interior brethren. The Americans on the coast offered to go anywhere, at any cost, to carry the Gospel to those who had never heard it.

Then came Father Allen's offer, the emphatic refusal of which should have ended the matter. But he was a most persistent candidate. Fully convinced that he was directly called, he left no stone unturned to attain his purpose. On nine different occasions he came to see me. He reasoned; he argued; he begged; he appealed. When I told him he could not live six months in that climate, he replied, "What of it? If I stay

here I may live ten years, but a priest seventy years old is not wanted much in this country. If I can go to Africa and work six months for those poor people in the Hinterland, it would be better than living ten years here in practical retirement."

But still I turned a deaf ear to his entreaty. One day he informed me that he had come to see me for the last time. He had used every means at his command to convince me that he must go to Africa. It looked as if he had failed.

Just before he left, he turned to me and said: "One day you and I will stand before the judgment seat of God. Then the Lord will say to me, 'Father Allen, did I not call you to go to Africa?' I shall answer, 'Yes, Lord.' Then He will say, 'Why did you not go?' I shall answer, 'There stands the Bishop. Ask him'."

After much prayer and thought, I was led to write the following to the Superior of the Holy Cross Order: "I feel it is very hard to turn down as earnest a man as Father Allen, and one is at a loss to find an adequate reason for doing so, unless one shuts



STURGES ALLEN, O.H.C.
Died, March 26, 1929

his eyes to all sentiment, emotion, faith, vision, and everything that goes with a divine cause, and turns merely to the cold-blooded proposition of age." The result was Father Allen was sent to Africa. Before he went, it was decided that he take a course in tropical medicine at Livingstone College, London. When he had completed this course, the president said he was one of the brightest students that had ever studied there.

When he was ready to sail, he met me, by appointment, at Euston Station, London, and kneeled there for the Bishop's blessing. With soul on fire and heart full of joy, he went to the Hinterland of Liberia. He has been there for six years, without a single vacation, and so far as is known, he has never had a single day's illness—a record which few, if any other white missionaries have achieved.

They parted the garments, by which such great miracles were done. But they wrought none now, Christ restrained His unspeakable power. And this was no small addition of insult. For as to one base and abject, as I said, and the vilest of all men; so do they dare do all things. To the thieves at any rate they do nothing of the kind, but to Christ they dare it all. And they crucified Him in the midst of them, that He might share in their reputation.

—*St. Chrysostom.*

For some time, before the Holy Cross had a resident physician for its hospital at Masambolahun, Father Allen was kept busy giving medical aid to people where a doctor was not known. His six months' training in the treatment of tropical diseases enabled him to render valuable medical service. When lepers were brought to him, and people suffering with sleeping sickness, he knew he could not cure them. But he would minister to them in the name of the Great Master who went about doing good. They were made as comfortable as possible, with Christian care and nursing and many died blessing the gentle hands that took care of them.

One day there was great consternation at the Mission. Father Allen was lost! Hours

had passed and he had not been seen. It was true, the good Father was lost. He had wandered into the great forest alone to meditate in God's great natural temple when he evidently became confused and took the wrong trail. He was making his way into the deeper recesses of the primeval woods, instead of approaching the mission.

Darkness came, and Father Allen was still lost in the forest. Happily, he was the possessor of good lungs, and he made the forest ring with his shouts. Boys and men were sent out with lanterns and torches to explore every trail, and at midnight the old man's cries were heard, and he was rescued from his embarrassing situation.

When a regular doctor took charge of the Holy Cross hospital, Father Allen turned his attention to other work. He journeyed to Pandemai and gave the benefit of his age and experience in helping the women there. He taught in the boys' school, but his most beloved work was to preach the Gospel to those who had never heard it. In civilization we preach the Gospel and hear the Gospel until we are familiar with every phase of it. There is such a thing as being Gospel-hardened. We must be thrilled by a preacher's eloquence or the originality of his presentation. In Africa it is all so new. They have never even heard of the Bible. No one has ever spoken to them of Jesus Christ. The old story of a Saviour's love is a new story to them. The picture of Calvary is a new picture. In all the forty years in which Father Allen was a priest of the Holy Cross in America, he never experienced such thrilling moments as when he stood in some African town to proclaim the

Men's Retreat

The annual retreat for men who are members of the Confraternity of the Christian Life will be held again this year at the Monastery at West Park, from Friday afternoon, June 16th, through mid-afternoon of Sunday 18th. For reservations please write the Director C.C.L., Holy Cross Monastery, West Park, N. Y.

first time the glorious message of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In a recent letter Father Allen speaks of very intelligent English-speaking Liberian in the west coast, visiting the interior missions. He seemed to be much impressed by Father Allen's multitudinous activities.

I asked him his age. "How old do you think I am?" The visitor looked at him critically for a moment, and then replied, "Forty-nine." "You see," said the good father, "how mistaken I have been. I thought I was seventy-six, but perhaps I am only forty-nine."

The remarkable thing is that he was chosen recently to lead the forces of the Church farther into the interior, into the Gizi country

where no missionary had ever been. There he built the first Christian altar; there he established the first Christian school; there he erected the first Christian hospital. At seventy-six he is an active pioneer and adventurer for God in the heart of Africa.

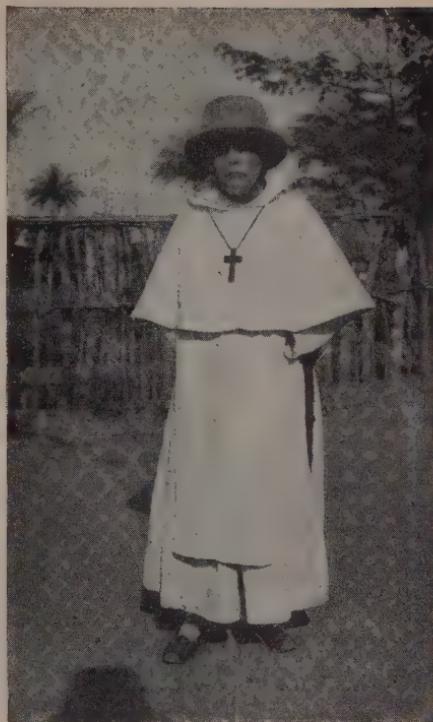
The Captain suffered Himself to be tried, that He might teach His soldiers to do it.

—*St. Augustine.*

Notes From Mount Calvary

Our latest improvement here at Mount Calvary is the erection of a belfry. When we first arrived Mr. Ray Skofield presented us with a bell of Italian manufacture. It has an unusually fine tone. This bell had been hung on a temporary wooden beam in the north tower. The next step was the arrival of two thousand dollars of money for a memorial to Father Thompson. It seemed appropriate to build a belfry in his memory. Our master of construction here, Mr. Harold Vaile, has designed a very simple and pleasing belfry in the style of the California missions. If any of our readers wish to contribute to this memorial we shall receive gratefully any sum. At the time of writing only half of the cost has been given.

The patio is bedecked with flowers and we cannot thank enough the friend who has given so much in the way of thought, planning, time, and money to make this garden enclose one of the lovely spots in



FATHER ALLEN IN AFRICA

Santa Barbara. Those who visit us exclaim first over the towering wrought-iron cross with its many symbols of the Passion, and then comment enthusiastically on the flowers which surround the cross.

At this time, Father Baldwin is preaching a series of schools of prayer in the State of Washington, and soon Father Adams will be doing similar work in Arizona. We have had two retreats for priests, one group coming from Los Angeles, the other from the San Joaquin valley. Two retreats for laymen have been held, one from near San Francisco, the other from near Los Angeles. Our site is well-placed,—being half way between two centers of Church population: San Francisco to the north, and San Diego to the south.

Brother George continues to visit three times a week at the County Hospital and by his quiet but regular ministrations is making the Hospital conscious of the work of the Church. On Sunday mornings he teaches at Trinity Church School and in the

afternoons he gives instructions at Hillside House, a home for spastic children. In this work a car is going to be needed, as the second-hand vehicle now in use is showing definite signs of approaching desuetude! Has anyone a not-needed, second hand car of less venerable age than the present one which might be dedicated to the furtherance of these works of charity?

We have had a number of guests who come for spiritual assistance. And on Sundays and holidays we show a great number of visitors our beautiful home with its witness to the reality and value of the things of the spirit. They are all impressed with the beauty of the scene and with our efforts at the life of prayer. For above all else Mount Calvary exists to proclaim that the worship and praise of God must come first in the life of man.



Saint Athanasius is one of the most heroic bishops the Christian Church has ever known. A capable theologian, he fought the Arian heresy (the denial of the full divinity of Christ) for many years, though it cost him exile from his See of Alexandria five times! The Arians were unscrupulous beyond imagination in their efforts to get their heresy forced upon the Church and every means of violence and falsehood were employed to get orthodox bishops removed from their dioceses. They quickly recognized Athanasius as their greatest opponent and made a concerted effort to have him removed and exiled. Although the Council of Nicea in 325 had condemned Arianism, the party continued to work for the spread of their heresy.

Through the despicable Eusebius, Bishop of Constantinople, a series of civil charges were invented against Athanasius, including

illegal taxation, sacrilege and even murder. The Arian party nagged at Constantine, the emperor, until he gave orders that Athanasius appear at Tyre to answer to charges brought against him. A box was handed around meanwhile in which had been placed the ghastly remains of a human hand which, it was said, Athanasius had taken from the body of Bishop Arsenius whom he had murdered. The hand had been used in black magic.

Not infrequently shrewdness goes with sanctity and Athanasius had got wind of this trick before the council met. His supposed victim Arsenius was alive, but hidden in a monastery. Athanasius put a trusted deacon on the track. When Arsenius was apprehended he escaped and then was spirited away to Tyre, the very place he should not have gone.

When Athanasius was confronted with the terrible charge after the council opened he arose and calmly asked if anyone there personally knew the supposed victim. Once several persons declared they did. A signal from the accused bishop, a figure covered with a cloak was bundled into a room. Athanasius advanced to the object and lifting a fold on one side drew forth a living arm, the process was repeated on the other side. After a dramatic pause he covered the embarrassed Arsenius and asked the assembly: "Will anyone show me the place from which the third hand of Arsenius has been amputated?" Needless to say the meeting broke up.

The humor of Athanasius is matched by his generosity, for he forgave Arsenius his part in the plot, restored him to communion and later promoted him to an Egyptian bishopric.



Book Reviews

VICTOR HOAG. *It's Fun to Teach.* (New York: Morehouse-Gorham Co., 1949) pp. xiii + 199. Cloth. \$3.00

For years religious educationists interested in the welfare of young people have longed for just such a book as Victor Hoag's written which can easily be placed in the hands of any layman of the Church desirous of helping out in that field. Although purposely written for the uninitiated teacher who does not know where to start, this book with its many workable ideas and well organized discussion on new ways of teaching in addition to methods of improving one's style and teaching skills, not to mention the all important section dealing with special problem cases, should have an interest for all teachers in general, or any who have a glimmering of the possibilities of influencing others. The book aims at a combination of motivation and method, and should prove helpful to the parent who desires information on the present day learning processes, on the reactions of children, and on the often times unconscious peculiarities and foibles of teachers and parents. The themes are aptly and attractively stated and developed, varying from the building of a curriculum, stimulating original work, classroom equipment, the teacher's notebook, to the art of questioning, story-telling techniques, teaching with a film-strip, the use of student notebooks and classroom dramatics. These practical suggestions help to create for the uninitiated teacher, order, movement and results.

Victor Hoag has given us a book on teaching that is amusing and one that once begun is most difficult to lay aside. He makes his point that teaching as a hobby is fun; but at the same time does not neglect to mention that it requires time, patience, planning, and the process of living the Faith to be taught in order to create new formulas and forms. This much needed book will prove helpful to those who study it in presenting the Faith in a form acceptable to the person being addressed and in the context of the atmosphere in which you encounter him. The things to be taken into consideration are all carefully

discussed in the book. To those who take time out to study it, the art of teaching will become more meaningful and vital. Any person reading *It's Fun to Teach* and following the instructions with an open mind, a sincere heart and proceeding to act upon the suggestions given with promptness, persistence, and patience will eventually have to face himself honestly and approach those to whom he is called to teach with faith and love.

—H. B.

GARDINER M. DAY, *Old Wine in New Bottles,* (New York: Morehouse-Gorham Co., 1949.) pp. 118. Cloth. \$2.00.

This is an *opusculum* by one of the most influential of our "liberal" clergy. It is an effort to express the meaning of the Ten Commandments for contemporary Church people and the author is to be commended for his desire to present an adequate and yet readable book for the laity. There are some difficulties involved in making the Commandments applicable to the Christian living under the new dispensation. Such an orthodox Protestant as Emil Brunner has a great deal to say about this. The fourth commandment, about the Sabbath Day, has to undergo complete re-interpretation. Mr. Day, unfortunately, will not concede a like privilege to Catholic veneration of images, where the second commandment is concerned. An unedifying polemic is bloated out to engulf a third of the section which might have been devoted to the liberal Biblical critic's evisceration of the Gospel in order to create a middle class God in his own image. This process represents far more of a perversion of the Gospel in the U. S. A. than ignorant Calabrian or Andalusian peasants bowing to and kissing statues of our Lady.

The treatment of the fifth, honor thy father and thy mother, has some very good things to say about parental responsibility. The third commandment is shown not to denounce profanity, but sets forth the necessity of moral integrity.

Unfortunately there is ridiculously labored argument at times, such as styling Church disunity as a breach of the tenth commandment and the South India Scheme

as the united Christian front against the sin of covetousness (p. 102). Happily, most Church people are aware of Mr. Day's much published views and will not bother to take this seriously.

The last section takes up our Lord's summary of the Law. The truth comes out on page 114 when we find humanitarianism exalted above theology and Church membership. In reality this book should be called "Watered Drinks."

—J. G.



ANNUNCIATION
XV Century Carving
(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

It was for the greater dignity of man, that as a man was vanquished and deceived by the devil, so a Man should in turn vanquish him, and that as a man merited death, so should a Man by dying destroy death.

—*St. Thomas Aquinas.*

Editor's Corner

Some time ago we told our readers we needed extra "things" for the sacramentals, surplices and vestments. Well, we are now flooded with cottas and surplices. The acolytes no longer have to go around in torn cottas or surplices that look though they had been slept in. We are not short of vestments. Some have come in, be sure. We now have enough white sets to take us through. But we need two sets of violet and two sets of black very badly. We can do with extra sets in red and green also. Sometimes people have a strange idea that we are simply rolling in vestments here. They write and ask us to send them some extra sets. No, the novices do sit around and make a few sets a week. We have to get them the same way parishes do.

* * *

We do not want to get mixed up in the "Melish Case," but when we got a letter and statement about the traditional relationship of the rector to his congregation being threatened we were just a little annoyed. If we become any freer than we are now we will become a congregational church. What is a little astonishing is to find the names of a few Catholics on the list. There are some who just love to be fooled by the liberals. This time we wonder if the thought the petition safe because the title "Amici Curiae"—is in Latin. Approximately one third of the signatories are priests or non-parochial clergy.

* * *

We are happy to report that more material by Father Hughson has been turned up in a series of meditations on the Prayer Book he collects. As long as we can find this material we are going to publish it and we are sure that all who loved him will treasure his work.

The May issue of THE HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE will be a memorial number dedicated to Father Hughson. Orders for additional copies should be sent in immediately. Price—25 cents, per copy. Cash with order.

Intercessions

see join us in praying for:—

Father Superior preaching and confirming at St. John's Church, New York City, March 12; Church of the Good Shepherd at St. George's, March 26; Ascension Church, West Park, March 29; preaching the Three Hours at Holy Cross Monastery. Father Kroll conducting a retreat for the community of St. Mary at Peekskill, March 14; preaching the Three Hours at Christ Church, Tarrytown, New York.

Father Packard conducting a quiet day for women at Grace and St. Peter's Church, preaching, March 18-19.

Father Hawkins conducting a retreat at St. John's Church, Ithaca, New York, March 19-21; holding a quiet day at St. Michael's Church, Litchfield, Connecticut, March 30.

Father Parker conducting Holy Week preaching at St. John the Baptist Church, Brunswick, New Jersey.

Father Gunn conducting a mission at St. James' Church, Bath, New York, March 6; preaching during Holy Week at Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Virginia.

Father Taylor conducting retreats at the House of the Redeemer, New York City, March 10-13, 24-27; preaching the Three Hours, All Saints' Church, Orange, New Jersey.

Father Stevens preaching a sermon at Church of the Good Shepherd, New York, New York, March 8; conducting quiet days at All Saints' Cathedral and Grace Church, Albany, March 25-26;



preaching the Three Hours, Christ Church, West Haven, Connecticut.

Notes

Father Superior preached at St. Mark's Church, Jacksonville, Florida; paid visitations to St. Andrew's School, Tennessee, and Margaret Hall, Versailles, Kentucky; preached and confirmed in the Diocese of New Jersey.

Father Kroll preached at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, New York.

Father Parsell sailed, February 23, on his return trip to Africa.

Father Packard conducted a retreat for the Woman's Auxiliary, Albany; gave an address at Christ Church, Red Hook, New York; and conducted a retreat at St. Mary's-in-the-Field, Valhalla, New York.

Father Hawkins conducted a retreat at the House of the Redeemer, New York City.

Father Harris preached at Trinity Church, Albany, New York.

Father Parker gave a young people's mission at Merricourt School, Berlin, Connecticut; school of prayer at St. Matthew's Church, Evanston, Illinois; and conducted retreats for the Sisters of St. Anne and their associates in Chicago.

Father Gunn conducted a retreat for college students at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania; held a quiet day at Christ Church, Bronxville, New York; and gave a mission at Trinity Church, Bristol, Connecticut.

Father Taylor conducted missions at Grace Church, Alvin, St. Philip's, Hearne, and St. Luke's, Belton, Texas.

Father Stevens gave instructions at Grace and St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, Maryland; conducted a retreat at the House of the Redeemer, New York City; and held a retreat for midshipmen at Annapolis, Maryland.

Contributors

The Reverend Hewitt B. Vinnedge is on the faculty of Mississippi Southern College.

The Right Reverend Walter Henry Overs was Bishop of the Missionary District of Liberia, 1919-1925.

Mrs. Louise B. Gile is a communicant of the Church of St. James-by-the-Sea, La Jolla, California.

William Thomas Manning

It is with a profound sense of personal loss, and the realization of unmeasured deprivation to the Church Militant, that the New York Catholic Club records the death of the late beloved Bishop of New York. We are humbly grateful for a supreme example, which we have witnessed with our own eyes for many long decades, of a spiritual, moral, mental, and physical integrity, of a dauntless courage of conviction and of consequent action, of a crystal-clear-mindedness, of a wonderful justice, of utter faithfulness to duty and to Divine Vocation, of honesty, humility, understanding, and compassion, and to many of us, of loyal affection and loving friendship, such as this world too seldom sees.

Outstanding moral, civic, and spiritual leader; the symbol of hope and Christian charity to the poor and oppressed and dispossessed of every race and country and people; a builder of the major portion of a great cathedral in one generation; protagonist for every righteous cause; lover of liberty, justice, and of Divine and natural Order; he spoke as he acted, without fear or favour, and without regard for personal popularity or the worldly position of himself or of others.

So often when men thought he was most

wrong he eventually proved to be most

But it is chiefly as a Prince of the Church and a Father in God that we think of him today. William Thomas Manning believed that he was a successor to the Holy Apostles, a successor to those upon whom our Lord Himself, as it were, laid His Holy Hand at Consecration. He believed that Christ was the true Apostle, and their Apostolate, was the true Apostolate. Second to none in his zeal for Christian Unity, he was first among men in his maintenance and defense of Catholic Principles. He loved the holy name of Catholic. The greatest Catholic Bishop of his day, he was perhaps one of the greatest Catholic Bishops of all time.

We devoutly thank Almighty God for his life triumphant unto death in its witness to the Faith of our Fathers and the love of grace.

To his family we extend our deepest sympathy and the assurance of our profound gratitude for all that he has meant and will ever mean to so many.

"Behold a great priest who in his days pleased God. There was none found like him, who kept the law of the most high."

*Rest eternal grant unto him, O Lord,
and may light perpetual shine upon him.*



The Annunciation BY FILIPPO LIPPI. B. 1406.

ANNUNCIATION
By Filippo Lippi

Ordo of Worship and Intercession Mar.-April 1950

Thursday V Proper Mass col 2) of Lent 3) for the living and departed pref of Lent until Passion Sunday unless otherwise directed—for the persecuted

St Patrick BC Double W gl col 2) feria 3) of Lent LG feria—for the Church of Ireland

St Cyril of Jerusalem BCD Double W gl col 2) feria 3) of Lent cr LG feria—for the conversion of the Jews th (Refreshment) Sunday in Lent Semidouble V (or Rose) col 2) of Lent 3) for the living and departed r—for the just solution of our economic problems

St Joseph Spouse of the BVM (transferred) Double I Cl gl col 2) feria 3) St Cuthbert BC 4) of Lent cr pref LG feria—for the Brothers of Saint Joseph

St Benedict Ab Gr Double W gl col 2) feria 3) of Lent LG feria—for the Order of Saint Benedict

Wednesday V Proper Mass col 2) of Lent 3) for the living and departed—for the faithful departed

Thursday V Mass as on March 22—for the Confraternity of the Love of God.

St Gabriel Archangel Gr Double W gl col 2) feria 3) of Lent LG feria—for the Order of Saint Helena Annunciation BVM Double I Cl W gl col 2) feria 3) of Lent prop pref LG feria—for the Sisters of the Holy Nativity

Passion Sunday Semidouble V col 2) of Lent cr pref of Passontide until Easter unless otherwise directed omit Psalm in Preparation Gloria there and at Introit and Lavabo in Sunday and ferial Masses till Easter—for all priests

St John of Damascus CD Double W gl col 2) feria 3) of Lent cr LG feria—for the Seminarists Associate Tuesday V Proper Mass col 2) of Lent—for the Holy Cross Press

Wednesday V Mass as on March 28—for the growth of the contemplative life

Thursday V Mass as on March 28—for Christian family life

Compassion BVM Gr Double W gl col 2) feria 3) of Lent seq cr pref BVM LG feria—for the suffering, anxious and sorrowful

Saturday V Mass as on March 28—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life

Palm Sunday Semidouble V Before principal Mass blessing distribution and procession of palms (at other Masses LG from that service) at Mass one col cr—for the preaching of the Passion

Monday in Holy Week V col 2) Palm Sunday—for Mount Calvary Monastery

Tuesday in Holy Week V col 2) St Isidore of Seville BCD 3) Palm Sunday—for the Priests Associate

Wednesday in Holy Week V col 2) St Vincent Ferrer C 3) Palm Sunday—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross

Maundy Thursday Double I Cl V At Mass W col 2) Palm Sunday cr after Mass procession to the altar of repose—for those lapsed from their communions

Good Friday Double I Cl B No Mass office of the day as appointed.

Easter Even Double I Cl V No Mass of the day at first Mass of Easter W gl pref of Easter—for catechumens and hearers

Easter Day Double I Cl W gl seq cr pref of Easter till Ascension unless otherwise directed—Thanksgiving for the Resurrection of Our Lord

Easter Monday Double I Cl W gl seq cr—for the love of Holy Scriptures

Easter Tuesday Double I Cl W gl seq cr—for the Community of the Resurrection

Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) Easter seq cr—for the peace of the world

Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) St Justin Martyr 3) Easter seq cr—for the Oblates of Mount Calvary

Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) Easter seq cr—for Saint Andrew's School

Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) Easter seq cr—for the Liberian Mission

Low Sunday (1st after Easter) Gr Double W gl cr—for all in doubt and perplexity

* On lesser and greater doubles in Lent Mass may also be said of the feria V col 2) feast 3) of Lent LG of the feast if proper

And In Conclusion . . .

. . . here is the Business Manager's Page

Rarely Do We Publish Poetry In H C M.

Not that we are unfriendly to poets, but chiefly because we are, with a small format, working with definitely limited space. The following should help us in our reflections and meditations during Lent:

LORD IS IT I ?

" . . . one of you shall betray me. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?" (MATT. 26:21)

He gave me light, that I might see.
He struck my bonds and made me free;
He gave me hope of joy to be.
Jesus! Crucified for me.

But who waved the palm fronds in the way,
And with the crowds would "hosanna" say?

Who, with a kiss, did his Lord betray?
Who, by the cross was frightened away?

Who to the world did his Lord deny?
Who, with the crowd, cried "Crucify"?
Who washed his hands and let Thee die?
Master, was it I?

This is from the pen of Christine Heffner, wife of a priest and mother of four children at 34. In her "spare" time she is an associate editor of the *Southwest Churchman*; District President of the Daughters of the King. As a Delegate to the recent Triennial of the W.A. she covered that event for the *Southern Churchman*. Fr. Heffner was formerly a physician for fifteen years.

Father Hughson . . .

With the permission of the Father Superior, several of Fr. Hughson's friends are forming a committee to lay plans for a "Hughson Memorial"—probably a Fund for the benefit of some of the works in which the Father had a keen interest. Further details in next issue.

Very Clear, Thank You . . .

Last month we essayed to instruct you in the correct pronunciation of our telephone exchange—Esopus. Only difficulty is we left off the accents. It is ē-SO-pus.

Absolutely Fascinating . . .

This is what one priest said about a manuscript we asked him to read and evaluate. It has to do with some amazing results achieved by a psychiatrist who sets his patients to making Ignatian meditations! We cannot reveal anything further at this time, but we hope to publish it soon, and we predict that there won't be enough copies to go around.

Hurt Feelings . . . ? ? ?

If you have them, be sure and get a copy of the Tract "Hurt Feelings", published by the Cowley Fathers. Address: Secretary of Publications, SSJE, 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, 38, Mass. Single Copies 10c; Dozen \$1.

Very Badly Delayed . . .

Due to difficulties "beyond our control" (what a convenient phrase), Fr. Spencer's forthcoming book "Ye Are the Body—A People's History of the Church", will not be ready until Spring. Truly, we are sorry, but it just cannot be helped. Pre-publication orders at \$3. cash are still being accepted with no delivery date set.